A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

The Devil, the Pope

AND THE

CHANCELLOR.

Chancellor. *HAil mighty Patrons and Masters! You that have been my hope from the beginning; the first Founders of my Villany, and for whom I have Labour'd all my Life; I say, once more, Hail, mighty Prince of Darkness! and you his Benefactor, go on and Prosper, for I have done my Best, my Dream* ——

Devil. *My Son, my Son, my dearly beloved Son, the only hope of all the Infernal Crew; Why are you so Dejected and Cast down? Cheer up, see who's here; see me here, your Lord and Master, and lo, here your Ghostly Father, next and immediately under me, Supream Head and Governor of the dark Dungeon and* Stygion Lake.

Chan. *My Lord! I Adore you, I Reverence you; I am wholly devoted to your Service; I give my self for ever.*

Pope. *Bravely done, thou Son of Perdition, thou art the only Heir of Destruction and under Favour; my Lord,* Lucifer, *I must tell you, this honest, dear, true-hearted* George, *has done us and our Kingdom more Service, than all the Men in* England; *To innumerate all his Exploits, would be as endless, as to count the Stars: In the West of* England, *my Lord, he was not a little Active, he hang'd the poor Souls up by the* Dozen; *if you had been but there to see it, it would have made you Burst with Laughing, to see how a Dozen or two of them hung together, shewing of their* Teeth, *and making wry* Mouths *at one another: And then but the other day, he Perjur'd himself as handsomly as I could do my self, I believe; but he lost nothing by it, for he Married his Son to* 20000 l. *by the bargain; and who would not be Perjur'd twice twenty thousand times for that Money?*

Devil. *Nay, that's the truth on't, you speak like a good meaning Man, and a Man of Great Parts, I'll Promote you e'er long for this, you shall be my head* Devil *in ordinary, and little* George *shall be my* Cup-bearer.

Chan *I am unworthy, my Lord, I am unworthy to Serve you, but I have a mind to no other Office but* Treasurer.

Devil. *By all my Infernal Power, and the dark Regions of* Hell, *thou art a cunning kind of a I cannot tell what, a great Wit, and damn'd Cunning.*

Pope. *Ay, by the Mass, my Lord, if you should but see him upon the Bench, with two Grave Counsellors Pleading before him, it would make you admire, to see how he nuzs down him that has not greased his Fist, with a* Sirrah, you are a Rogue, a Cheat, I'll deal well enough with you, [illegible] know Sirrah, *&c.*

Devil. *Admirable well done! I own him for my dear Son and Servant for ever.*

Chan. *And thus upon his bended Knees, your humble and obedient Servant, devotes himself wholly to be your Slave to all Eternity.*

Devil. *In what prithee?*

Chan. *In every thing that your Infernal Majesty in your Profound Wisdom and Goodness, shall think fit.*

Devil. *Very well; I'll do thus much for you likewise, viz. Command my Chief Secretary of State; his Holiness, to send out Writs of* Excommunication *against all the Peers of* England, *to set thee at Liberty, my* Lad, *if it be possible.*

Pope. *I am all joy, I am all gladness, my* Heart *is just* jumping *out of my Mouth, I cannot contain, I* Melt, *O I* Faint, *I* Die, *I* joy *to express! Who would not serve so Gracious a* Prince *as* Lucifer? *Well I'll disburst one hundred thousand Pounds more, to buy Wood to Burn Hereticks, that if it be possible,* Hell *may be full.*

Chan. *I Kiss your Holiness's little Toe Nail, and return you all immaginable Gratitude for so great a Favour.*

Devil. *I know not how I shall gratifie you, for your extraordinary care of my* Kingdom, *and Affairs of greatest Importance; certainly you were predestinated from the Beginning, to be a partaker of the Crumbs of my Infernal* Table; *go on therefore, ye Sons of Perdition, go on and prosper in your Work already begun, if you live in my Fear, you need not doubt but you shall die in my Favour; and upon the word of* Devil, *I'll be kind to you; if I am not, never believe a* Devil *again for my sake.*

Pope. *No, my Lord, that would be a very great Affront to your Lordship, to doubt of the Sincerity of your intentions, we have always found you Faithful hitherto, indeed my Opinion is, you are like me, viz. you cannot Err.*

Devil. *As for that, I leave it to be determined* Secundum artem; *by a Convocation of* Jesuits. *But prithee honest* George, *why art so Melancholy?*

Chan. *O my* Dream, *my* Dream *runs in my Head!* Dream *of nothing but* Halters *and* Hatchets; *and methinks I continually see a* Gallows *before my Face, or a* Scaffold *or some such Place; nay, one Night I was in a profound Sleep, and methoughts I saw my self brought before the Parliamen, Accus'd of High Misdemeanors, and Condemned. Then methoughts I was had upon a* Scaffold, *with a Halter about my Neck, (though not to be Hang'd in it, but only for Disgrace) where methoughts I saw an innumerable*

pany of the Mobile, with great Shouts, insulting over me in my own Terms, crying, Away with him, Hang him, we know him of old, he is a great, R---. Then methoughts after a cold Prayer or two, I laid my Neck down upon the Block, and just as the Hang-man was taking his first Blow, I awaked, and was in such a Heat, that you might have greased a dozen pair of Jack-Boots with the Sweat that came from my Arm-holes; and glad I was that it was a Dream, but I fear I shall yet find it True.

Devil. This is only a Dream, and your Fancy works with the apprehensions of a fatal Blow.

Chan. But I could wish to be a little farther off of these Dutch Scoundrels, for suppose my Dream should prove true, what must I do then?

Pope. Why I'll Absolve you, do you see, and fear not.

Devil. And I'll send my Ferry man Charon to bring him over Safe, do you mind me? And for joy we will keep Holy day all over Hell; the Doors shall be shut, and no Entrance given to any that day; and the Night we'll spend in Revelling and Dancing; we'll have a Play Acted by all the Infernal Fiends and it shall be called Jeffry's the Great, or the Baron of Wem, a Comi-Tragedy.

Chan. Your Excellency is very Merrily dispos'd, but I have no Stomach to Die, I can't find in my Heart to be so Barbarous to my self, if I can help it.

Pope. Let me tell you one thing, which will help you if any thing will, viz. Against you come to your Tryal, I'll furnish you with a good stock of Equivocations and Mental Reservations, which if you use as you ought, may do much in your Case: I can Pardon all.

Chan. That I do not doubt, but if they should fail, then poor Pill-garlick must ly at the Hang-man's mercy; my Dream, my Dream, a Pox on't, my Dream runs in my Head: O poor George! thou art in a pittiful State, and must, I fear, e'er long, make thy Exit, but God knows whither.

Devil. Prithee my Son, be Patient, now I remember my self, the French King (thy Cousin German, though I think, has deserved better things from my Hands than you have) intends a speedy Destruction of the Horeticks in England, and Damn him, if he makes haste, he may come time enough to save thy Tryal and Life both, and then my Lad!

Chan. I adad, that would be brave sport, to see a vast Catholick Army Burn the Country before them, and to see George J-----y's Exalted from Lord High Chancellor of England, to Duke of all Towns; nay, perhaps King of Ireland, who knows what may fall? Though now I am a Prisoner in the Tower, I may come to be the Devil and all of a Governour, or some such thing, if this French King does but come,---this puts new Life into me,---be Merry George, be Merry, I say Cheer up, see what thou art like to come to; there is but too Beings, one of which I must of Necessity have, viz. either be at the mercy of the Hang man, or else a Governour in Pomp, the last of which I the rather chuse, for certain Reasons and Considerations me thereto moving; therefore, Know all Men by these Presents, That I do from henceforth Renounce all desire of Death, either Per Force or Naturally; professing that I intend to Live as long as I can; and that not after on Ordinary manner, but according as I us'd to do; which upon my Conscience, I intend to perform, to the utmost of my power.

Devil. It is enough (dear Georgy) I have my Hearts desire, I always said thou wer't an apt Scholar, and would make a man after my Hearts desire; but prithee let me ask thee one Question, (which shall be a merry one, for I see you are a little Merrily disposed) there is a certain Question in Law to be resolved, concerning a Female Person

Pope. They are People which I have a natural kindness for.

Devil. And she was fully Seized of a certain parcel of Ground in Fee-Tayl, to her and her Heirs Female for ever, commonly call'd and known by the Name of Hairy-Acre Butting and Bounding near Hip-hill on the North-side of A—s Alley, with a certain Fish-pond belonging to the same, she being in peaceable Possession of the same for eighteen years and upwards; a certain young Man comes, and by Force, enters her Premisses; she knowing by the Laws of the Land, he ought not so to do, ejects him, and throws him out of Possession: He afterwards recovering again, with three more of his Servants, enters her Premisses again; she thinking to Indict him upon a Riot, by a Statute made in the Reign of King Henry the VIII. but could not make it out, because one only entred, and the other two stood at the Door: Now, he being in peaceable Possession of the aforesaid Premisses, and she having caught his principal Evidence into her Tail-Deed, Burn'd it; now he being remidiless at the Common-Law, pray what Relief can he have in Chancery?

Chan. Your Excellency is in a very merry humour; certainly they that are in Hell, and Subjects to such a King, cannot but be very happy: I suppose you allow Liberty of Conscience, &c.

Pope. Ay, Ay, without doubt he allows that, or else he would not have so many Subjects as he hath, you know you have had it all along, sometimes you have served him one way, and sometimes another; as by Swearing, Lying, Hypocrisie, Treachery to your Country, Perjury, Oppression, &c. Then why should you doubt of his Clemency to his Infernal Subjects?

Chan. Nay, as I am an honest Man, I was to blame, but I beg his Pardon, and hope——

Devil. Hope! Nay, you may Swear that I'll Pardon thee my little Nicky Nacky; What Devil in Hell could find in his Heart to be angry with thee? My dear Son, come hither, let me Embrace thee, the hope of my old Age,——

Pope. Lau you there now, is not this Devil something like a Devil now? see how he loves you! Nay, dotes on you! What can an Indulgent Father do more?

Chan. I am unworthy to be called his Son——

Pope. Well now Lord Lucifer, What think you of him, is he worthy to be Lord Treasurer under the Prince of the dark Regions?

Devil. I accept him, and think him worthy of the Reward I intend finally to bestow upon him.

Chan. I must confess that I have been a great, &c. and have been very Serviceable to your Excellency in many things, and would have been in many more, had it been in my Power; but I am too Good still to be called, &c. I am,---- I was,---- I have been,---- I had been, if things had fell out handsomly---- I shall be hereafter,---- but what I know not, &c.

Pope. Well cheer up, 'tis time for us to go home; and we'll go by the way of France, and animate him as much as we can against these Hereticks in England; and if he does but come time enough!---- We can be there in half an Hour, for here's Paccolet's Horse at the Door, therefore Adieu, sweet, sweet George, Adieu.

Devil. My Son, Farewell, with such Felicity as I desire; I'll send to you, though, e'er long, therefore Weep not my Son.

Chan. Adieu to you both, I fear I shall see you no more in this World; therefore once more Adieu and be Damn'd; a Complement Courtier like.

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